

# RIOT AND LICENSE AT FRENCH BALL.

Inspector Thompson in Disguise, Mixed Up with Waiters Who Were Overcharging Patrons.

He Uses His "Billy" Freely, and Is in Turn Pounded by Attendants and Ball Promoters Who Did Not Penetrate His Disguise.

## THE FRENCH BALL.

Out last night, French ball, "Lovers light, Big light, Such delight, Took a fall, Tripped the light, Mother ball, Happy quiff, Pissy ball, Fall of light, Dizzy ball, Out of sight, H-igh ball, Awful light, N-n-umber ball, As all right, B-b-b-ball, Gals' to D-wight-Than all!

JOHN W. LOW.



THE MAN IN BLACK—Great Scott! I thought I was at a French ball, but I see nothing but gendarmes.



This character looked sad. He couldn't help it—he really couldn't. And his partner was so gay, so very gay. He couldn't help it—he really couldn't.



Sensation—A Frenchman at the French Ball.



Columbia and the Gollia Man.

The French Ball at Madison Square Garden wound up in a free fight at 4 o'clock this morning, with Police Inspector Walter Thompson, Capt. Thomas, of the Tenderloin Station, and Detectives Blinnings and Armstrong as the central figures in the melee.

The police were in citizens' clothes. The crowd did not recognize them and they were roughly handled. Inspector Thompson, who was wearing a disguise, had made himself the principal object of attack.

Menaced with great bodily injury and with cries of "Kill him! Kill him!" ringing in his ears, he drew his billy and laid about him in a way that betrayed the experienced policeman. Then he was recognized and the row subsided.

One waiter's head was cracked by the inspector's billy, a score of persons had cuts and bruises, blackened eyes and bloody noses treated by ambulance surgeons, and Inspector Thompson had several stitches sewed in a gash over his right eye.

The injured were attended by ambulance surgeons from Bellevue Hospital and hurried away. Arrests were made, but the prisoners were released from the West Thirtieth street station on telephoned instructions from Inspector Thompson.

Overcharged by Waiters. The row was caused by the grasping propensities of the waiters, who had been overcharging the patrons of the ball throughout the night.

Inspector Thompson, who had been on duty at the ball in uniform earlier in the night, had received frequent complaints of the failure of the waiters to bring back change. He went out and changed his uniform for a disguise. When he returned to the ballroom he was attired in a sack coat of brown check material, dark trousers, a blue shirt and a golf cap.

The inspector is a small man, and in his unique attire he strongly resembled an English coachman in holiday attire, or a rubber-don for a prize fighter.

At 4 o'clock this morning it was reported to him that a man in Box 31 complained he had given a waiter a \$20 bill in payment for a bottle of wine and that he was tired waiting for the change.

The inspector held the coupons for this particular box, but had not occupied it during the night. He saw five men in it and approached them. The moment he inquired about the overcharge, Walter M., standing by, cut out the argument.

Sharp words passed and other waiters gathered around. Half a dozen waiters jumped upon the police inspector. The men in the box fought and disposed of most of the waiters who had hurled themselves on him.

Walter M. was his match, however, and he hung to the inspector desperately. They fought down the stairway

onto the main floor and attracted the attention of the revelers. Louis Mouquin and others of the committee of the Cercle de l'Harmonie, which conducts the ball, took a hand at this stage and in their excitable way added to the picturesqueness of the melee.

Police Capt. Thomas and Detectives Blinnings and Armstrong threw themselves into the fight, and, unrecognizable in their plain clothes, were jostled and pushed about like ordinary brawlers.

Thompson and his waiter fought it out across the ballroom floor to the tiled floor of the lobby, leaving a trail of rough-and-tumble brawls in their wake.

Stoupin and his friends were fighting off a supposed attack on their waiters. The police were fighting their way to Thompson and the waiters, and a half hundred-indebted patrons of the ball were fighting through sympathy.

The garden rang with the shrieks of women.

"Look out for the guns!" was a cry that sent the onlookers scampering in every direction like stampeded sheep.

The crowd around the desperate little police inspector, whose golf cap clung to him through the melee, sent up a cry.

"Kill the little runt!"

The garden was ringing with it when Thompson and Walter M. fought their way down a staircase into the basement and up again.

Back in the lobby, the inspector got free from his opponent for a moment, and, seeing the threatening crowd pressing about him, he reached back into his trousers pocket and drew his black jack. His first blow landed on the head of Walter M., who promptly stretched his length on the tiled floor, the blood gushing from a wound across his forehead.

Thompson, the blood streaming from a cut on his own head, looked a picture of fury incarnate as he threw himself upon the crowd, billy in hand, and laid men about him right and left. He soon cleared a space into which Capt. Thomas and his two detectives fought their way.

Then, for the first time, there was recognition between the police officials.

There were words of explanation.

The uniformed policemen about the hall had worked their way to the front and the revelers were rushed back into the ballroom, the wounded taken into an anteroom and several obnoxious revelers taken to the West Thirtieth street station.

Five minutes after the row subsided the ball was on again with its old-time swing, the corks were popping and the waiters were back at their old game of overcharging and holding out on change.

A Tame Affair. There was a time, in the dead days of the past, when a French Ball—the French Ball—was something to be remembered.

There are hundreds of gray-haired, wrinkled men who will sit in the windows of their clubs and chuckle over the exuberant delights which memory gives them, and recall when a French Ball was a French Ball—when men ran riot

This man wanted to be a real devil, but it was only a bluff. They said he was Hey Hube in Rialto guise. Miss Calves, who is to star next week in her own play, knew him at once.

and women went mad, and when everybody was everybody's friend.

The kicking of a hat from the head of a man was purely an eccentricity, and the audacious and elastic young woman accomplishing so agile a feat earned and laughingly received the caress and the wine to which she was by the custom of the night clearly entitled.

But, how different was the French Ball of last evening as given by the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie at the Madison Square Garden.

Most of the countenances one saw were those of duennas of seventy guarding senoritas of forty. The duennas were unnecessary, because there wasn't a man in the vast hall who would have approached any one of the senoritas in a spirit other than that which youth and middle age accord the world over to ripening maturity in womanhood.

The police began to arrive long before the so-called celebrities. The former consisted, at midnight, of 400 uniformed men and 72 gentlemen attired in what the department calls "plain clothes."

The celebrities arrived in the following order:

Some Celebrities.

The wine agent for Dibbs's Champagne.

The agent for Phil's Beer.

The agent for Graven Rock Water.

The wine agent for Ciacquet's Champagne.

The agent for Hart's Life-Giving Tonic.

At 1 o'clock there were perhaps 3,000 persons in the Garden, whereas 10,000 were anticipated. And not among that 3,000 were a score who had ever earned fame or prominence in any commendable walk or in any boxes of social usefulness.

The theatrical world was represented by a few young women who have been off and on, in Broadway production, but have never been identified with the profession in capacities higher than that of chorus girls.

Half an hour later some of the boxes occupied by women in resplendent gowns.

As a general thing, each box party was chaperoned by a large and portly woman in black velvet, who said "Hush!" when her charges became too vivacious.

During the earlier hours of the morning, gentlemen in evening clothes drifted into some of these boxes, purely by accident, and a waiter was summoned.

A Tiresome Affair. But this was not often, because it was a peculiarly tiresome business. There were girls in short-skirted costumes, and clowns, and half-drunken men, but there were no dances, and no music, and no dancing floor or in the circle, and no dancing reserved for the popping of corks, or in the boxes, and no dancing of any kind.

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